183

Doctor POPES WISH.

THE ONLY

Correct and Finish'd COPY:

Never before PRINTED.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates, quid orat? de Patera novum
Fundens Liquorem? Hor. *Od.* 31. *Lib.* 1.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus.
Quid sentire putas? quid credis Amice precari?
Idem *Epist.* 18. *Lib.* 1.

LONDON:
Printed for THOMAS HORNE, MDC XCIII.

bought of mr west 13 oct. 1693

THE PROLOGUE to the *WISH.*

BEING A

A PARAFRASE on the VERSES in the *TITLE-PAGE.*

WHen Poets, offering at Apollos *Shrine,*
Out of the ſacred Goblets pour new Wine,
What do they Wiſh? What do they then Deſire?

When I'm at Epſom, *or on* Banſtead-Down,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noiſe o' th' Town,
When I thoſe Waters Drink, and Breath that Air,
What are my Thoughts? what's my continual Prayer?

THE

The WISH.

I.

IF I live to be **Old**, for I find I go **down**,
Let this be my Fate. In a Country Town,
May I have a warm **House**, with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young **Girl**, to rub my bald Pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer, and better, as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

II.

Near a ſhady Grove, and a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance, whereon I may look,
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I, &c.

III.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
Of the beſt Wits that Reign'd in the Ages before,
With Roaſt Mutton rather than Ven'ſon or Teal,
And clean, though coarſe, Linnen at every Meal.
May I, &c.

IV.

With a Pudding on Sundays, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With *Monte-Fiaſcone*, or *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine.
May I, &c.

V.

Nor Tory, or Whig, nor Obſervator, or Trimmer
May I be, nor againſt the Laws Torrent a Swimmer,
May I mind what I ſpeak, what I write, and hear read,
But with Matters of State ne'er trouble my head.
May I, &c.

VI.

Though I covet not Riches, may I not be ſo poor,
That the Rich without ſhame cannot enter my door,
May they court my Converſe, may they take much delight
My old Stories to hear in a Winters long Night.
May I, &c.

VII.

My ſmall ſtock of Wit, may I not miſapply,
To flatter Ill Men, be they never ſo high,
Nor miſpend the few Moments, I ſteal from the Grave,
In Fawning, and Cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.
May I, &c.

VIII.

May none whom I love to ſo great Riches riſe
As to ſlight their Acquaintance and their old Friends deſpiſe,
So Low, or ſo High may none of them be,
As to move either Pity or Envy in me.
May I, &c,

IX.

A Friendſhip I wiſh for, but alas 'tis in vain,
Joves Storehouſe is empty and can't it ſupply.
So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flattery, or Woman, ſhould have power to unty.
May I, &c.

X.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a Whore,
Still may I be vertuous, though I am poor.
My Life then as uſeleſs, may I freely reſign,
When no longer I reliſh true Wit, and good Wine.
May I, &c.

XI.

To out-live my Senſes may it not be my Fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all,
But rather let Death come before 'tis ſo late,
And while there's ſome Sap in it may my Tree fall.
May I, &c.

XII.

For thoſe who profeſs Soul or Body to mend,
Though I hope I ſhall have no occaſion to ſend,
When I've eat All my Bread, and drank my Laſt Glaſs,
May they come Then and ſet their Seals to my Paſs.
May I, &c.

XIII.

With a Courage undaunted may I Face my laſt day,
And when I am Dead, may the better ſort ſay,
In the Morning when Sober, in the Evening when Mellow,
He's Gone, and Left not behind him his Fellow.
May I, &c.

XIV.

Without any Noiſe when I've paſs'd ore the Stage,
And Decently acted what part Fortune gave,
And put off my Veſt in a cheerful Old Age,
May a few honeſt Fellows ſee me laid in a Grave.
May I, &c.

XV.

I care not whether under a Turf, or a Stone,
With any Inſcription upon it, or none,
If a thouſand years hence, *Here lies* W. P.
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I, &c.

XVI.

Yet one Wiſh I add, for the ſake of thoſe *Few*,
Who in reading of this any pleaſure ſhall take.
May I leave a good Fame, and a ſweet ſmelling Name.
Amen. Here an End of my WISHES I make.

CHORUS.

May I govern my Paſſions with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer, and better, as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone by a gentle Decay.

FINIS.